

Weekly Independent.



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A Prison Break.
Three convicts escaped from the penitentiary some time Thursday night. They were confined in a single cell and made their escape by cutting through the wall. A dispatch in the Gazette says:
"There were no guards in the corridor where the men were confined at the time the break was made. All was quiet in the prison, and the first intimation that there had been a delivery was received several hours afterward, when a guard in making his rounds threw a light into the cell as he passed it. He discovered that it was empty. The door was thrown open and the large break in the wall, covered with bed clothing, was noticed. Immediately a general alarm was turned in and guards were sent all over the prison grounds to see if the men were in hiding, but it was found that they had scaled the walls and disappeared into the rough country."

The escapes are Pedro Pelizza, serving a life sentence for a murder committed in Esmeralda county last year; Guy Verno, sent from Elko county for forging District Attorney William's name to a note; and Lester B. Blackwell, sent from this county, for ten years for stealing Mr. Grittridge's black team.

The Virginia Chronicle has the following in regard to the prison break:
"The prisoners escaped through a hole dug in the wall of the prison grounds."

Pending the installment of the new steel cells in the prison the convicts were quartered in what was formerly used as the shoe shop in the prison yard adjoining the gallows, above which a double line of armed guards are stationed.

This was known as the "bullpen" and the prisoners realize that when the installation of the new steel cells was completed all possibility of escape would be hopeless and this spurred them to desperate efforts to regain their liberty.

A deadline was established in the yard and recently several of the more desperate convicts would strut, in a spirit of bravado, along this line and occasionally step across it, until warned that a repetition of the offense would incur the penalty of a rifle shot."

A Carson dispatch received this afternoon states that Vernon was captured yesterday at Clear Creek. Posse were pursuing Blackwell and Pelizza closely in Tahoe region. Guards and Indians form posse.

Got What She Wanted.
Notwithstanding the flattery about the packing houses and a few other questions of national importance, the rate bill is always a topic of conversation here.

They were talking about it in the lobby of the house. "Well," said Representative Fred Landis, "I guess the president got about what he wanted."

"Sure," replied Representative Gurner. "He got what he wanted the way the girl did who was traveling in Mexico. She could speak no Spanish and she wanted some milk. She couldn't make the waiter understand, so she drew a picture of a cow on a piece of paper. The waiter understood then. He bought her a ticket for a bull fight."—New York Herald.

Democratic Stork Turned Down.

What! The stork has been turned down at the White House. Can it be that the great Word Thunderer who issued his philippic against race suicide referred exclusively to a republican stork?

Earl Morris, a sturdy Missouri democrat, who wanted the postoffice at Centralia, on the big family plank in the Roosevelt platform, thought the bird under the presidential wing was non-partisan. He was proud of the twelve calls of the stork at his house, proud to have a president who appreciated home extension, so sent a fine group photograph of the fourteen Morrises to Washington.

The picture showed that it was a very fine bird which had the Morris home on its calling list, but alas! it was not of republican feather. It seems now that only the "right kind" of stork is recognized at the White House and that birds of democratic plumage or prohibitionist plumage are not in the avian for office. No dainty water crests postoffice at Centralia will be allowed to fill the bill of an industrious democratic stork. This is the ruling of an administration which hitherto has stood high in storkdom.—St. Louis Republic.

Western Pacific will Rush Work.
Chief Engineer Virgil G. Bogue of the Western Pacific recently made a tour of inspection of the various camps in Utah, Nevada and California where construction is under way and a general shaking up all along the line followed his visit. The construction work has shown a decided tendency to lag for several months and Chief Engineer Bogue accomplished the purpose for which he started out—giving all to understand that they must keep things moving so as to insure the completion of the Western Pacific on schedule time. The result is shown in the increased activity now being manifested in departments, the contractors especially having been infused with renewed energy and they are now making every effort to complete the grading work at an early date as possible.

To hasten matters Engineer Bogue decided to abandon the project for a long tunnel through the Goshute range, east of Wells. The tunnel was to have been two miles and a half long and could not have been completed in less than two years. A tunnel a mile and a quarter long will be driven, making a heavier grade, but it will be completed in about half the time that would be required for the one called for by the original survey.

From now on things will hum on the east end. The contracts for the grading work from the Utah State line to Death are under consideration and will be let in a few days. Then the contractors will commence making the dirt fly on the first real Western Pacific construction work in Nevada.

Out of Salt Lake City the Western Pacific tracks have been laid for a distance of twenty-five miles and the steel bands are now skirting along the southern shore of the great Salt Lake, heading on to the point where they turn westward, bound for the desert.

Ahead of the track-laying machine the grade is completed some eight or ten miles, ready for the steel. From the lake shore to the desert, a distance of some fifty miles, the grade is in a forward condition, but not entirely completed.

Notwithstanding the shortage of labor, satisfactory progress is being made with all the work. Altogether some 230 men are employed, seventy-five with the track-laying machine and at the material yards, and some 125 on the grading work. Of course, this force could be augmented very advantageously to the construction, but this is next to impossible with the present condition of the labor market.—Humboldt Star.

The Cost of War.

The United States every year expends about \$140,000,000 in pensions for wars that are past, and somewhere between \$180,000,000 and \$200,000,000 in being prepared against wars of the future. In the last fiscal year there was paid out for the naval establishment \$122,000,000; for the support of the army and the Military Academy, \$77,000,000. Taken altogether, pensions, the navy and fleet called for \$310,000,000. A comparison between the cost of the arts of war and the arts borne by the government is afforded by the fact that the agricultural appropriation for the last fiscal year was \$5,912,010. The comparison is made even more striking when we realize that from 1830 to the present day, counting the present proposed appropriation, the aggregate appropriations for the Department of Agriculture are \$65,737,272.12, or \$12,000,000 less than was expended on the army last year. Yet we are a peaceful nation, depending largely on agriculture for our prosperity.—Boston Transcript.

Democratic Delegates.

According to the returns made to the county committee, the following delegates have been elected to the democratic State convention:
Elko district:—George Russell, Geo. McIntosh, Thomas Hunter, A. W. Hewson.
Tuscarora district:—E. A. P. Johnson, Ed. Todd, Charles Winters.
Wells district:—H. H. Coryell, P. S. Triplett.

Develop Manila.

Almost daily ocean steamships loaded with freight, passengers and mail are arriving at the port of Manila from all parts of the world, while Manila's development as a shipping center for the Orient has barely begun.

Stolen Property Recovered.
While out hunting rabbits Sunday morning, an Italian, who works at one of the ranches down the river, ran across about forty pairs of women's shoes in the sagebrush near Avanelle siding. He came to town at once and notified Sheriff Clark of his find. Sheriff Clark went with the Italian and found the shoes as reported. A thorough search was then made of the vicinity and three cases of cigars, several vases and two cases of cigars were found in a ditch covered with sagebrush. A team was secured and the loot was brought to the sheriff's office.

The tracks about where the stuff was hidden were fresh and everything indicated that it had been put there recently. A freight train stopped for an hour or so at Avanelle Friday night to wait for the fast mail and the shoes, cigars and vases were probably taken from that train by parties unknown at this writing.

There are at least 175 pairs of women's and children's shoes and 3000 cigars. The shoes were consigned to the R. Magnus Shoe Company, San Francisco. The cigars had been taken from the cases. The property recovered is valued at over \$500. It is not known who took the stuff from the cars, but it is supposed to be the work of tramps. This is a riddle for the railroad detectives to solve.

Story Told by W. J. Bryan.

A Nebraska minister who enjoys the confidence of W. J. Bryan asked the presidential candidate of 1896, just before he was leaving the country on his present tour, what was the best story told about him when he was before the country as the opponent of Mr. McKinley.

"The one I most enjoyed," he replied, "was told by a commercial traveler who put up at a village tavern in Arkansas. The accommodations were very scant. The traveler slept on the floor. He had no water to wash his hands and face. When he went to breakfast he was out of sorts. He told the landlord that his house ought to be swept away by a hurricane. The landlord made no reply, but invited the traveler to eat. The food was on a par with the traveler's room. He said it wasn't fit for a hog. The landlord was silent and passed up another dish. The traveler threw it on the floor."

The landlord picked up the remnants and pitched them into a bucket, and said nothing. Just then a woman whose appearance indicated poverty and poor health passed through the dining-room. The traveler made a remark about her that was decidedly uncomplimentary, saying that he didn't wonder the grub was not fit to eat if she prepared it. The landlord never uttered a word of protest. The traveler left the table and naked as he left the table to make change the traveler asked him: "How do you stand on this 16 to 1 craze, anyhow?" Then the landlord's wrath asserted itself and he hit his guest between the eyes.—American Spectator.

Paid Barred.

That woman has been the same in all ages in her efforts to ensure the unsuspecting male by artificial aids is proved by an old English statute, passed 236 years ago by parliament. So far reaching was the havoc wrought among masculine hearts by the devices of cunning females that the men were forced to seek the protection of the law, as is shown by the statute in question, which reads as follows:

"That all women, of whatever age, rank, degree or profession, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall from and after the passing of this act impose upon and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects by scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft, sorcery and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void." Judging by the forceful wording and the specification of minute details, it seems that some of the members of parliament had been "stung."

MAILED.

Drake-Crow.—In Elko, Nevada, August 12, 1906, by Rev. George H. Greenfield, Mr. William Drake of Wells, Nevada, to Miss Lovie Crow of Kirksville, Missouri.

J. C. Stubbs, Harriman's traffic manager, denies the report that he is going to leave the Harriman system to take up railroad work in London.

Drake-Crow.
At 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Mr. William Drake of Wells, Nevada, and Miss Lovie Crow of Kirksville, Missouri, were united in marriage at the residence of L. G. Clark, Elko, Nevada, by Rev. Geo. H. Greenfield, in the presence of a few immediate friends. At the appointed time, the bride and groom entered the beautifully decorated parlor and the solemn, but interesting, ceremony was performed and two hearts were united as one.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, congratulations were in order and it goes without saying that all wished Mr. and Mrs. Drake much happiness in their new home.

On an invitation from Mrs. Clark, all entered the dining room where the table was handsomely decorated with flowers and fairly weighted down with good things to eat and drink to which each did ample justice.

Mr. Drake is a business man of Wells and his friends are numbered by the score. The bride is a charming young lady who came from Kirksville, Missouri, where she was for a number of years employed as assistant cashier and stenographer in one of the leading banks of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Drake left on No. 4 this morning for their home in Wells. They took with them the best wishes of a host of friends for their prosperity and happiness.

Reclamation Figures Show Work Done.

The work of the Government Reclamation Bureau during the four brief years of its existence is very succinctly set forth in a statement issued by F. H. Newell, the head of the bureau, which he prepared for the information of the members and delegates to the approaching session of the National Irrigation Congress which meets at Boise, September 31 to 8th. This statement is as follows:

"The United States reclamation service has just passed its fourth birthday, and that it is a very vigorous infant is shown by a summary of the work accomplished during its brief existence."

"Work is now under way on twenty-two projects and 13,600 acres of land have been actually irrigated. Up to July 1st, 241 miles of main canal, 116 miles of distributing system and 388 miles of ditches had been constructed, including dams, headworks, etc."

"Tunnels having a total length of more than five and a half miles have been driven, including over two and a half miles of the great Gunnison tunnel in Colorado."

"More than 521 miles of telephone lines have been installed and are now in operation, 233 miles of wagon road solid rock in almost inaccessible canyons, 110 bridges, and 300 offices and other buildings have been constructed."

"The works above mentioned have called for the excavation of 17,463,243 cubic yards of earth and rock, the laying of 134,149 cubic yards of rip rap and paving, and 52,917 linear feet of piling have been driven."

"There have been purchased 1,873 tons of iron and steel, 7,347,212 feet B. M. of lumber, and 159,623 barrels of cement."

"The Government cement mill at Roosevelt, Ariz., erected at the cost of more than \$100,000, has turned out 43,000 barrels of cement, and Uncle Sam's sawmills have cut 2,889,000 feet B. M. of lumber from the Government reserves."

An Appetizing Gist.

She's awfully sweet.
Her cheeks are like peaches.
She has cherry lips.
Her breath is nectar.
Her hair is like yellow corn.
Her eyes are like blackberries.
She is perfectly delicious in French dressing.
Her complexion is a delicate cream.
I love to toast her.
She's a honey.
I sometimes feel as though I would like to press her to a jelly.
But if I did, would she be cordial?—Life.

A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at Elko Drug Co's store.

Terrors of The Southern Desert.

A Rhyolite dispatch of the 13th gives the following account of the frightful experience of Surveyor Kennedy on the deserts of Southern Nevada:

J. G. Kennedy, deputy mineral surveyor who has been working in the Emigrant Springs district, endured a frightful experience while traveling from that district to Rhyolite, and the wonder is that he lives after suffering such dreadful tortures.

Kennedy was doing some surveying at Emigrant and after completing his work concluded to walk back to Rhyolite, since no teams were coming in. The distance is about sixty-five miles. Leaving Emigrant Friday morning he took with him a supply of water sufficient to last him to Stove Pipe, thinking he would replenish his canteens there. He met a prospector en route, however, who told him that the water there is poison, and that by making a detour of several miles he would find a wholesome spring.

"But I have drunk alkali water before," says Mr. Kennedy, "and I concluded to risk it, believing that I could make the distance to Hole-in-the-Rock without any great degree of suffering. And I could have done so, had I let the Stove Pipe water alone. My canteens were exhausted when I arrived there, and I disregarded the admonition and drank. The water is very low in the spring, is of a yellowish appearance and intensely nauseating in taste. Its odor is very disagreeable, and it can be smelled for half a mile away. Nevertheless, I filled my canteens, and drank of it while there. As I proceeded on my journey my legs became maddened and I found it difficult to continue my usual pace, I lay down thinking to gain strength, but no improvement was noticeable. The distance between Stove Pipe and Hole-in-the-Rock is about fourteen miles, and I fully realized that it was by all odds a case of make this or die, since the chance of anyone's picking me up was practically out of the question. I struggled forward, my legs becoming more and more uncertain. In addition to this every thing was getting dim before me, and I appeared to be rapidly losing eyesight. To husband my strength to the task before me, I discarded my lunch bag and dragged on to where the trail branches for Hole-in-the-Rock. Here my condition became desperate. I could no longer walk and the only means of locomotion left me was to crawl on my hands and knees. I was almost blind, too. But by crawling and feeling my way along I finally reached the water, more dead than alive. I was thirty-six hours in making the fourteen miles between the two points, and it looks more like a miracle than anything else that I am alive to tell the tale."

Kennedy warns travelers and prospectors to shun the deadly flow at Stove Pipe. The water induces paralysis of the limbs and causes an increased action of the heart and kidneys and impairs the eyesight. From his own experience, he is led to believe that it will, if taken in any quantity, produce death in a very short time.

Considers Fatalism A Factor.

In an article on recent ore discoveries in Nevada the Salt Lake Telegram says:

So much has been left unexplored, even in the northern section, where at one time a city of 40,000 people rolled in the wealth of the Comstock, that it is beyond the contemplation of any human mind at this time to forecast the enormously profitable mining tonnage which is going to come from Nevada in the next ten years. That there is a basis for this statement is attested by the recent finding of rich ledges within fourteen miles of old Virginia City.

It would seem that some of the 40,000 people who resided there, some of the thousands of prospectors who trod the present site of the new camp of Ramsey in those old days, could have espied the riches it contained then. They were as wise as then as now; but undoubtedly, the famous "psychological moment" for Nevada was not decreased by the Unseen Hand until now. This is on the theory that "what is to be will be" and that what is not to be will not be. Throughout its modern rejuvenation, in fact, Nevada has been a consistent exemplification of fatalism; it has been an accident all through, from the beginning, exactly as have been almost all other epoch-making precious-metal and base-metal discoveries.

G. W. HANNA J. J. HYLTON

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